

A  
STEP  
TO THE  
BATH:  
WITH A  
CHARACTER  
OF THE  
PLACE.

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The Second Edition,

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L O N D O N

Printed and Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head Inn-Yard,  
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A  
S T E P  
T O T H E  
B A T H.

**T**HE Town, and its Diversions, being grown as Stale as a Cast-off Mistress; and the chiefest of its Inhabitants withdrawn to their Rural Pleasures; and Duns as Impudent as *ED* — the *Poulterian Officer*: So that being bereav'd of the one, & damnable Fatigu'd by the other; Necessity, the Mother of Invention, oblig'd me to take a Country Journey, for Self-Preservation sake; having Money to Spend, tho' none to Pay. And the last Summers Expedition at the Wells, not agreeing with my present Constitution, and my Inclinations being bent after Novelties, I resolv'd to Steer my Course *Westward*, to see what Pleasure those Pools of Iniquity, call'd the *BATH*, would afford me. In order for which, I presently took Hack, and bid him drive me to that terrible Sign, the *Sarazens-Head* in *Fryday-Street*, where I gave Earnest for a Place in the following *Mondays* Coach; but being *Saturday*, and late in the Season, I thought I should have no reason to Curse my Company, for mine was the first that was taken: But my Tun-Belly'd Hostess, to Encourage me, said, *That notwithstanding 'twas so late in the Week, she doubted not but there would be more Places taken before Night.*

In hopes of which, I left her, to prepare for my approaching Journey; and Money being the Life of the Cause, I muster'd up a pretty tolerable Sum, and for convenience of Carriage, converted it into the Noblest of Metals. Then I began to think of the Redemption of several Captivated Necessaries, which an Unlucky Accident had brought into Bondage; as an *Ultramarine Joseph*, a Pocket Monitor of *Tompion's* Composing, and a Silver Hilted *Ripp* of the *Isebrook's* Temper; three as necessary Implements for a Traveller, as *Goose*, *Tard*, and *Sheers*, for a *Taylor*. Well, to *Egypt* I went, and Redeem'd them from Slavery.

And by reason I would be ready on *Monday* Morning, I went to Lye at the Inn on *Sunday* Night; and Enquiring of the Tapster what Company I was like to have, he said more he believ'd than I desir'd; for there was four Places taken just after I went, and three of the Passengers were in the House, and to lie there that Night; the other was for a Merchant of *Bristol*. Then asking what those in the House were, he told me two Gentlewomen and their Maid Servant, who were just going to Supper. Whereupon I bid him go and give my Service to 'em, and tell 'em I was to Travel with 'em to Morrow, and should take it as a great Favour, if they would please to Honour me so far, as to Admit me into their Company, for I was alone. The Fellow brought Word they desir'd me to Walk in, and they should be very glad of mine.

This



This being what I wanted, in I went; and after a few Ceremonial Complements, and Begging Pardon for my Rudeness, I told them I was afraid I should have gone alone, but now I found I should be Bless'd beyond my Hopes, in having the Honour, or rather Happiness, of their good Company. *I Wish, Sir,* reply'd one of them, *It may answer your Expectation, for our Sex is counted but very indifferent Company to Travel with, and you are like to be Fatigu'd with three of us.* As for Children, and Testy Age, Madam, answer'd I, I agree in the Opinion; but otherwise, condemn it as Erroneous: And for your Number, The More the Merrier. *That's according as it proves, Sir,* said she; *neither would I have you Flatter your self too soon, lest your hopes should prove abortive, but rather refer you to old Saffold's Advice, Read, Try, Judge, and speak as you find.* I must confess, Madam, answer'd I, Experience is the only Touch-stone; but I shall be mightily deceiv'd in my Politicks, if it does not make good my Assertion. *I Presume, Sir,* said the other Lady, *You have Studied Saunders, and are well Vers'd in Physiognomy, or you could never pretend to so much Fore-knowledge.* At which I Crav'd the Honour of seeing her Hand, telling her, I had some little Skill in *Palmistry*, by which Art I perceiv'd she requir'd not much Castration; which made them both Laugh: And the first Lady ask'd me, if I had any Skill in *Chiromancy*, for the same Author Profest both. I told her no; but was satisfied she had; for her Charms had rais'd such a Spirit in me, that I knew not how to lay it without her Assistance. *I never understood Magick, I Protest, Sir,* reply'd she, *and am mightily afraid of a Spirit: Therefore let's Discourse no more of such Unruly things, that neither of us know how to Govern.* Your Power is as absolute in Laying as in Railing of them, Lady, answer'd I; but since 'tis your Pleasure, your Command shall be Obey'd, and I'll shape my Discourse to what Subject you Please.

But Supper coming in, they desir'd me to sit down with them, and having more Manners than to refuse so good a Proffer, I comply'd with their Request, and fed very Heartily. The Glass went Briskly about, that we were as Merry, as a Knot of Jovial Tinkers over a Cup of Nappy-Ale, and I began to like my Company extraordinary well; but the Charming Inchantress and I, interchang'd so many leering Ogles, that I could hardly mind our Discourse; yet I understood so much, that she was a Widow, the other a Wife, and both Sisters, and also Strangers to the Place they were going to, as well as I; and had no other Call but Recreation; But I was for fulfilling the Scriptures, in Comforting the Widow. Supper being ended, they call'd for a Bill, which was presently brought; out I lugg'd, and was going to Discharge, but they begg'd my Pardon, and would by no means suffer me; telling me I must submit to the Rule that is generally observ'd in Travelling, for the Major of either Sex to Treat the Minor. I must Acknowledge, Ladies, said I, 'tis an Old Custome so to do, but we are not now on the Road; however that Avail'd not, they pleaded the Prerogative of the Majority, and carry'd it *Nolens Volens*. Seeing they were so Resolute, I dispenc'd with the Affront, considering I had often put up a greater, and would not press too hard, lest it should prevail; but that was a needless Thought, for the Young Widow drew from between her Snowy Breasts, a Purse Cramm'd as full of Yellow-Boys, as a Clerk of a Markets Bag of Copper John's, and Discharg'd the whole. Seeing of which, I thought I could do no less in Honour than call for my Flask; Craving Leave to present them with it as my Foy; and being a little Elevated with the Noble Juice, we were as Jocund and Frolicksome, as a Countrey-Vicar at a Gossiping. In came the Wine, without disputing who should pay for it. But at last, Night, the Lovers Bliss, and Bane of good Company, Oblig'd us to withdraw to our Chambers. Upon which, I told the Ladies, I should think the time very tedious till I should be so happy as to Enjoy their good Company again. *We are apter to believe Sir,* answer'd they, *You will think the Journey so, by reason of the Dullness of it.* Say what I will, Ladies, said I, you Foy'd me with my own Weapons, and are pleas'd to Retort my Words to their own Centre. So after a profound Cringe or two, with a Gripe of the Paw, and as many Amorous Glances at my Charming Widow, who return'd me the like, we parted: But never any happy Bridegroom Long'd for the Approaching Night, more than I for the succeeding Morning.

No sooner had I enter'd my Chamber, but I found a Secret Passion had possess'd my Soul, and I was all on Fire: Ye Powers, cry'd I, what strange Fever's this that Rages



in my Breast, and Riots in my Blood? Not Liquid Fire, by its first Cause Fomented; burns Fiercer in Earths Center, than I flame within. Tame this Unruly Flame, or touch her Heart that first Kindl'd it, with a Cole from the same Altar. Nay 'tis impossible to relate how violent my Passion rag'd; but in Love I was, that's certain; but whether her Purse or Person begat this Flame, is a very Nice Question, and I protest I know not; for, as Mr. Cowley says,

*Gold alone does Passion move;  
Gold Monopolizes Love.*

For Gold has Unresistable Charms as well as Beauty; is of a Corroding Quality; of an Attractive Nature, and bears a great influence o'er the Opticks. And 'twas very probable that Purse was only Prologue to a far greater Sum; so by consequence must needs have some Operation; not but the Ladies were both very Amiable, in the Bloom of Vigorous Youth, bore a good Aspect, had no mean Air, Free, and without Reserve in their Conversation; and their Deportment declar'd them of no Vulgar Quality. But the Charming Golden Widow was the Idol of my Soul, Subject of my Thoughts, and Center of my Wishes; Musing on whom, at last dull *Morpheus* Seal'd my Eyes, to relieve my Captivated Senses.

*But, Oh ye Gods! No Rest could I obtain,  
The Charming Fair, did o'er my Slumbers Reign;  
And in strange Dreams Augment my Rapid Flame.*

By that time Forked *Cynthia* had withdrawn her influence, and bright *Aurora* rose from *Thetis* Lap, I shook off the Drowsy God, and blest the joyful Day. Looking out of my Window, I perceiv'd they were preparing for our Journey, which made me Rig with all imaginable speed; and as I was going down, who should I meet but my Cherubimical Widdow, equip'd like a Goddess, and Adorn'd with Ribbon like the Fore-Horse of a Country-Team? After we had given each other the Time of the Day, Lord Sir, said she, *Are you but just up? Why we are almost Ready to go; certainly you Slept very Sound.* No Madam answer'd I, since I have had the Happiness of seeing you, Rest has been a stranger to my Breast. *Have I disturb'd you Sir,* said she? *If so, I ask your Pardon, and am sorry for it.* Ye Gods, cry'd I, what shall I say? Or how shall I express my self? Inspire my Tongue with Eloquence, thou God of Love, to make her sensible of my Pain. Oh Madam, cry'd I, you are Innocent of your Crime, and Guilty of the Fact: You have Robb'd me of my Rest, Fir'd my Blood, and Stolen my Heart; see how it Hovers o'er your Panting Breast, and fain would gain Admittance. *I Vow Sir,* answer'd she, *Your Discourse is so Mysteious, that it wants another Oedipus to unfold. And for what you are Pleas'd to charge me withal, is a false Accusation; neither have I Vacancy to Entertain it.* Ah Madam, reply'd I, I could soon convince you of your Error, if you would give me leave to search in a certain Corner you have about you, that shall be Nameless. At which she Blush'd, and told me I was mightily Mistaken: But allow it so, since 'twas Ignorantly committed, and without any premeditated design, she hop'd I would be so generous as to Forgive her. Never Madam, said I, unless you vouchsafe to cast an Eye of Pity, and Commiserate the Condition of your Languishing Lover, on whom the God of Love, if there be any such a Diety, hath Empty'd his whole Artillery, and pierc'd my Heart with your all-Conquering Eyes: O Fye, Sir, answer'd she, *this is meer Rallery, and only for your Diversion, a thing Customary with you General Lovers, in whom every New Face Creates a new Flame; of the Libertines Opinion, that a Woman, after she is once Enjoy'd, grows Dull and Insipid; and what you have now so solemnly pretended to me, is no more then you have already done to half our Sex, if possible; and such I take it.*

By my Soul I thought she was a Witch by her guessing so right, and was a going to tell her so, for every Syllable she utter'd was as true as an Oracle. But finding by her Parlying I had made a Breach, I resolv'd to Storm the Castle. If you Harbour any such thought of me, Madam, answer'd I, by Heaven you do me wrong; for so pure is my Flame, and so Assiduous my Passion, without you give me speedy

hopes, I shall fall a Sacrifice to your disdain, and *Phoenix*-like, expire in my own Flames. 'Tis but *Breathing a Vein* Sir, answer'd she, and your *Fearour* will soon abate. Oh Madam, cry'd I, how can you be so Cruel? You gave the Wound, but Administer a contrary Cure. Wrack me no longer thus with Doubts and Fears, either retaliate me in the same Nature, or pronounce my Doom; for on your Lips my Fate depends. Indeed Sir, answer'd she, that requires more Consideration than the time will admit of now: Yet take this for your Satisfaction, if your Character and Quality answers your Appearance, and your Passion be real, you need not dispend of the Entertainment of that Trifle you are pleas'd to Charge me withal, but it shall find a Reception Suitable to its Merits. At which she Sigh'd, and said our Company waited for us, but in the Evening would take an Opportunity to discourse further of it. Now Madam, you have rais'd my drooping Spirits to an Extasie of Joy, answer'd I; Pardon my Presumption, and Abrupt proceeding, I beseech you, in taking this opportunity to reveal my Passion, and impute it to nothing but Love, Almighty Love, for what will not a sinking Wretch catch hold on, to save his Miserable Life?

At which we separated, and joyn'd our Company, who were preparing for an Antidote against Fasting, which we had scarcely compleated, but were call'd on to Board our Leathern-Convenience, and were Pen'd up like the Beasts in the Ark; but I took care to have my Mistress my Opposite, and being settled, Whip proceeded on his Journey, and having a plentiful Mornings Draught, Tickled his Cattel, drove like *Jebu*, and soon convey'd us to the Sign of *Englands Champion* at *Colebrook*, an Inn famous for an Hostess, and Extravagant Bills for short Commons.

Having refresh'd our selves with a good Breakfast, we re-enter'd our Coop, and was but very indifferent Company, for our *Masculine Traveller*, the Married Lady, and Mrs. *Betty* the Chamber-Maid, had a Long Game at Noddy: However it presented me with several Opportunities of Saluting my Widow, and Exercise abundance of Palm Letchery; but being come to Reading, we Din'd at the *Canonical-Nabb*, where our Landlord was as Remarkable for his Bulk, as our late Hostess for her Tail; formerly he was a profess'd Baptist, but being chosen one of the Head Loobies of the Corporation, he renounc'd his Religion, Embrac'd the Faith, and was Christn'd *Lumpus*; his Corps is of the size of a *Rhinoceros*, Measures full three Yards in the Waste, and his Legs bigger about than the Piers of the Town Bridge; the Doctor of the Parish hath excommunicated him from the Church; because his Snoaring not only drowns his Voice, but disturbs the whole Congregation. Being depriv'd of the Church, he then took the Flesh, and is reported to have overlaid three of his Servants. Having now stock'd our selves with substantial Belly-Timber, and Liquor'd our Whistles, we pursu'd our Journey, and were more Sociable; the Ladies oblig'd us with several Songs, which they perform'd with an Excellent Voice, and good Judgment: But my Thoughts were chiefly Ruminating on the Fair Object before me, and how to manage my Amour at Night, every fresh Glance discovered conceal'd Beauties, nor was she unsensible of my Anguish, for her repeated Sighs betray'd her yielding Heart.

*Oh what Celestial Motion had her Eyes!  
Her Panting Breasts, how they did fall and rise!  
Conspiring both to fall my Sacrifice.*

And our Merchant took Notice of her Sighs, and ask'd her the Reason; she told him 'twas only a Foolish Custom; but I believe had he ask'd me, I could have given him a better Account. But come, Fellow-Travellers, said he, will you please to take a Dram of Right Noddy? A good Cordial on the Road, and will digest our Dinner; I protest I forgot it in the Morning: So we accepted of his kindness, and drain'd his Bottle: But Promis'd to recruit it the first opportunity; and to pass the time away, we Engag'd Mrs. *Pert* to Sing a Song, and our Merchant and I promis'd to tell a Story: She Pleaded she could not Sing, but would oblige us in relating a very strange Accident lately discover'd; which was as followeth.

About fifteen year since, There was a noted Tradesman near *Aldgate*, had two Children, a Son and Daughter, the Son was Aged about fifteen Years, and the Daughter twelve

twelve; he had a desire to put his Son Prentice to some good Trade in the City, and gave him his choice, but he was very much Averse to it, his Inclinations being altogether for the Sea, and nothing would serve him but a *Tarpaulin* Master. At last his Father with much Regret Consented to it, and put him to a Master of a Ship that was bound for a Trading Voyage up the *Streights*: At which the Young Man was Extraordinary Glad, took Leave of his Friends, and went Aboard with great Joy; but before three Months was Expir'd, News arriv'd that they were taken by the *Algerines*, from whom at that time there was no Redemption: The News of which, and a Considerable Loss the Old Man had lately Sustain'd by Fire, not only Reduc'd his Condition to a mean Subsistence, but broke his Heart, nor did his Wife long Survive him; and with the remains of their decay'd Fortune, the Poor Orphan was put to a Sempstress; but before her Time was Expir'd, one of *Exeter* fell in Love with her, Marry'd her, and took her with him to *Exon*, unknown to her Friends or Acquaintance; in a few Years after he left her a Widow, no Children, and but little to Trust to; which to improve, she set up her Trade, and maintain'd her self very Handsomely, Living in good Credit. But her Unhappy Brother, who had the Misfortune to be a Slave, was bought by one that Liv'd several Leagues up in the Country, never having any Opportunity of sending to *England*, his Friends despair'd of ever seeing him again, and gave him over for Lost. But see how Providence Order'd it, his Master Dyed, and by-reason he had been a good Servant, not only Bequeath'd him his Liberty, but also a great Sum of Money to Maintain him; and his Mistress, who had often given him several Evident Testimonies of her Affections, wou'd have Marry'd him, provided he would Renounce his Religion, and Embrace the *Mahometan*, which he deny'd to do; but her Love was so Violent, or rather Lust so Raging, that it over-flow'd the Bounds of Modesty, and by the Allurements of her Gold, intic'd him to satisfy her Exorbitant Desires, by which means he had gotten a very Considerable Estate. But the Natural Inclination for his own Native Country, and great Desire to see his Friends, out-Ballanc'd the Embraces of his Mistress, whose Gold was more prevailing than her Charms, and came the first Opportunity for *England*, and in a short time Arriv'd at *Plymouth*, the next day reach'd *Exon*; and having present occasion for some Linnen, he Accidentally goes into his Unknown Sisters Shop and furnish'd himself, then Posts for *London*; where to his great Grief, he found, as I have already Related; and by no means could get any Information of his Sister, his long Absence not only bereav'd him of his Friends, but also of all his former Acquaintance; that he was become an *Alien* in the Place of his Nativity. The Deprivation of which, was an extraordinary Trouble to him, and the only way to Redress it, he thought would be to Alter his Condition; he Coveted not Riches, but Content, to Compensate for his hard Fate. But, Oh, how often are we Deceiv'd in our Expectations, and our hopes Frustrated by an All-Seeing Power? His Fancy presented none so Charming to his Eyes as the *Exeter* Widow: Nay, so great was his Passion, that immediately he goes down, Courts her, and in a short time Married her, brings her up to *London*, takes a House, and Liv'd very Happily together, had two Children by her; and no Discourse as yet of their Parents happened between them. But see how Fate Ordain'd it! Not long since, as he was Walking by *Fleet-Ditch*, he espies his Fathers Picture Expos'd to Sale among Old Goods; which presently he Bought, and made a very strict Enquiry where they had it, thinking thereby to trace his Sister, but 'twas so long since they bought it, that they could give him no Account; however, he imputed it to be a very Lucky Accident, had it brought home with him, and with abundance of Joy shows it his Wife. Telling her, 'twas the Picture of his Father, and how Accidentally he came by it: At which, she was mightily surpris'd, and told him, *If that was the Picture of his Father, (which Heaven forbid) she was his own Natural Sister*: He Astonish'd at this dreadful News, ask'd her a few more questions, she Relolving of which, Confirm'd the Discovery, and hath Involv'd them into a great deal of Trouble and Consternation of Mind; for the Ease of which, they have had the Opinion of several Learned Divines; who advise them to joyn no more in their Incestuous Bed, but Live after the Natural Bonds of Affinity, and since 'twas Ignorantly Committed, it mitigated the Crime, and they were more to be

Pittyed,



Pittyed; and none could be so Barbarous, as to reflect on their Unhappy Off-Spring. But 'tis to be Fear'd, it will prove Fatal to them both, for they Labour under an Agony of Mind, that nothing but Death or Distraction is Expected.

Her Story being Ended, the Ladies Confirm'd it, and declar'd they knew the Parties; and it had not been Discover'd above two or three Years; but while we were Commiserating their hard Fate, we came to a Village call'd *Theal*, and stopt at Old *Mother Cleanly's*, at the Sign of the *Divine Clamour*; as Noted a House for Bottle-Ale and Plumb-Cakes, as the *Folly* on the River of *Thames*, for bad Wine, and Lewd Whores: Nay, *Slash* declar'd he dares no more pass by without calling, than the Forked Animals miss *Cuckold's-Point*, in their Journey to *Horn-Fair*: But having participated, and given our Approbation on her Commodity, we Travel'd on, and our *Bristol* Merchant told us, he presum'd we were a going to the *BATH* for Diversion; but his Journey to *London* was such a Novelty, that 'twas scarce to be Parallel'd, and notwithstanding it had occasion'd him a great deal of Tronble, it might Divert us; with that we desir'd him to Relate it, which he presently did, after this manner:

The Place of my Habitation you already know; of which I have been a Merchant almost this thirty year, am a Widower and have several Children, but my Eldest Son being very Desirous to Live at *London*, I put him to an Eminent Draper in C--; but before he had Serv'd half his Time, he kept such high Company, and was Acquainted with so many Rakes of the Town, that his Master was as weary of him, as he of his Master; so I was oblig'd to take him Home, and Design'd to bring him up a Merchant, but the Infection he receiv'd at *London*, made too great an Impression to be Discharg'd by my Documents, which often occasion'd no small difference between us; about a Month since, having some very Urgent Business in *Wales*, which requir'd my Absence for at least twelve or fourteen Days, I left my Daughter to manage my Domestick, and he my other Affairs, and took my Journey; but that Night I left him, he sends Word to all my Correspondents at *London*, that I was Dead, (as I understand since) and that he should be with them in a short time, for his Father having left him a Plentiful Estate, he design'd to leave off Merchandizing. This News Startl'd my Acquaintance, and they sent him several Letters of Condolence; and my Death past as Currant on the *Exchange*, as if it had been sworn by twenty *Irish* Witnesses. My Daughter who kept my Cash, sent him a Letter of Advice, of the Payment of some Bills, I had lately drawn on him, which he receiv'd and answer'd; he also Intercepted the Letters I sent his Sister, and about six days before I came Home, takes fifty Pound of my House Cash and Posts for *London*, and before he Appear'd Publick, Cloths himself in deep Mourning, Visits my Correspondents, tells them he came to Administer to his Fathers Will, and Ballance Accounts, and takes up of my Goldsmith 1300*l.* who pay'd it him all in Gold, as he requested; having Accomplish'd his Ends, Cast off his Mourning, New Rigg'd, and now I hear he is gone for *Rome*, to assist at the *Jubilee*; but when I came home, missing of him and my Money, I presently Conjectur'd he was gone for *London*, and was afraid he would take up more, therefore made all the speed I could after him, to prevent it, but he was too Nimble for me; my Acquaintance was all posselt with a Pannick Fear, and so surpriz'd, that they took me for a Spirit, and wou'd hardly believe their own Eyes; but I soon Convinc'd them of their Mistake, and they me of my Sons Proceedings.

And this is Generally the Product of sending our Children to *London*: Well, had I forty, I'd never send any of them to *London* again: Now he is gone Loaded with Gold to *Rome*; Perhaps, about a Year or two hence, I shall have him return, as *Light* as a *Common-Strumpet*, as *Shabby* as a *Broken Officer*, and as *Foppish* as a *City Beau*; but I will never Look on him again. Make no Rash Vow, however, Sir, said I, least you Repent it; (for Nature will prevail) he may Return a very Accomplish'd Gentleman, for Travelling conduces much to Education. Yes, answer'd he, As going to the Dancing-School, does Young Wenches, who if they have but a little Money are presently Catch'd up by some Hopping Coxcomb or another, that hath nothing to Trust to, but a Pair of Rotting Shanks, which are scarce able to support his Wavering Carcase. I find Sir, reply'd one of the Ladies, You have a great Aversion to *London* Education, and the very Thoughts

*Thoughts of it gives you the Spleen? Pray what is the BATH for a Nursery? For during the Season, that is a Place of great Resort. Why, answer'd he, That's out of the Frying-Pan, into the Fire; and as Eminent for Wickedness as London, Bating it's Magnitude. With that, I told him, I perceiv'd he Harb'ur'd no better Opinion of the Tuition of his own Country, than of our Metropolitan Seminary; and my Story would but Augment his Disgust.*

Now being got to the end of our Stage for that Day, we referr'd mine for the next, and Newbury was as welcome to us, as Michaelmas Term to the Bauling Quill drivers, after the Long Vacation: Our Quarters was at the King of Beasts, and after we had Saluted our Ladies, and bid them Welcome to Newbury, we View'd our Chambers, gave Order for our Supper, and Refresh'd our selves with a Glas of good Burgundy; and having some spare time, our Merchant went to Visit a Friend in Town, and I gave the Ladies an Invitation to take a Walk, which my Mistress was willing to, but her Sister, being something indisposed after her Journey, desir'd to be excus'd; and as Good-Luck would have it, the Maid was oblig'd to stay with her: So my Charming Widow, after she had dismantled herself of her Riding Accouterments, and I Augmented the weight of my Bush, by almost half a Pound of Powder, was ready to March; our Landlord understanding we were dispos'd for a Walk, Convey'd us out at his Back-gate, where we found a most delicate Grotto of Nature's, not Art's Composing, half environ'd with a Murm'ring Brook whose purling streams Created a most Melodious Harmony, and the whole Composure seem'd a Second Paradise.

Having walk'd a turn or two, I thought it convenient to put my Widow in mind of her Promise. Pardon my Presumption, Madam, said I, in taking the boldness, to put you in mind of this Mornings Conclusion, for no fitter opportunity than now can present it self; here we are retir'd, and the Place seems to be dedicated for the same purpose. Sir, answer'd she, *How can I be assur'd your Passion is Real, since your Acquaintance is so slender, in which if I should be deceiv'd, how shall I be Ridicul'd by the Censorious World?* I presume not, Madam, reply'd I, to lay any Claim of meriting your Esteem, as to the Quality of my Person; nor yet am I so despiseable in my Descent or Fortune, to incur your disdain. But Love, Almighty Love, who knows no Bounds or Equals, is my Plea; and notwithstanding my Love is of so late a Date, it is as pure as Vestals Flames, and firm as Fate, and all my Pretensions Honourable. *If so, Sir, said she, I do Agnize your Passion, and return you mine; for Blushing I must own it, when first I saw your Face, an unusual Flame seiz'd my Heart and kindled in my Breast Unknown Desires.* At this Confession, I flung my Circling Arms about her Lovely Wastle, and almost stifled her with Kisses. What then remains, cry'd I, my Life, my Soul, but to Quench our Desires, and delay our Bliss no longer? At which she started back, and told me she thought, or she was much mistaken, before she reveal'd her Passion, I declar'd, I design'd nothing but what was Honourable; if so, what means this unruly Proceeding? Only the extream Ardour of my Flame, my Dear, answer'd I; for who can behold the Tempting Tree, and forbear to pluck its Luscious Fruit? *Not till the Priest hath made it Lawful, Sir, said she, For Fear,—Oh, for Fear.*—By Heaven, and all that's Sacred, Madam, cry'd I, those Fears are Needless; for sooner shall the Silver Morn forget to dawn, the Glorious Sun to steer its course, than I prove false to you. What then should hinder us now, from satisfying our Craving Appetites, before the Sluggish Priest hath Crav'd a Blessing. At which, she sunk into my Arms, and by her Dying Eyes gave her Consent; then calling to mind the Alacrity to be us'd in Courting a Widow, and that now might be the Critical Minute, I laid her down on Nature's Carpet and made bold with Mother Earth for a Boulster; and notwithstanding all her Faint Resistance, rifled her Joys, Roving through all the hidden Labyrinth of Love, and by our Mutual Embraces Quench'd our fierce Desires, then Coo'd and Bill'd like a pair of Amorous Doves, Swearing Eternal Constancy afresh, & to tye the Gordian Knot the first opportunity.

But in our Discourse I took an occasion to make a scrutiny into her Affairs, that I might understand what Bargain I was like to have, if I perform'd my Promise. She told me she had been a Widow near two years, had no Child, was worth 3000 l. and liv'd with her Sister, who was Married to a Gentleman near Hackney; and Living so far off, was the reason they lay at the Inn last Night. This News methought

Augmented her Charms, and having enjoy'd the Shadow, I hop'd in a short time to reap the Golden Substance. Having out-staid our time, a Messenger came to Desire us to make haste, for our Company and Supper waited for us: But when we came, and had given them an Account of our Pleasant Walk, and Description of the Delightful Grove, (but not a word of the Paradise of Love) they seem'd to be sorry they did not go along with us (that neither of us was, I am certain.) Having Supt, they brought us a Bill, which was as reasonable as a Reckoning at a *Hofier-Lane* Bawdy-House during *Bartholomew-Fair*; for a Brace of Midling Trouts, they charg'd us but a Leash of Crowns, Six Shillings for a Shoulder of *Mutton* and a Plate of *Gerkins*, three and Six-pence for Six *Rowles*, and three Nipperkins of *Belch*; and two Shillings more for *Whip* in Drinking our Healths. Their Wine indeed was good, so was their Price; and in a Bill of two Pound four Shillings, they made a Mistake but of Nine; I ask'd what Country-Man my Landlord was? Answer was made full *North*; and Faith 'twas very Evident, for he had put the *Yorkshire* most Damnably upon us. But being to rise very Early, we went to Bed soon after we had Supt; and was called by break of Day, my Widow presented us with a Pot of *Chocolat* of her own Preparing; and filling my Dishes fuller than ordinary, I Conjectur'd 'twas for my good Performances, dash'd with a little self-interest; after which we recruited our Bottle, and renew'd our Journey; but I marked his Gate with a Cross as red as the Sign. And before we had Travel'd a Mile, the Ladies laid claim to my promise to relate my Story, which I was oblig'd to perform, and was thus.

There was a very Eminent Shopkeeper in *Westminster*, had the misfortune to have a very Extravagant Son, who by his Continual Profuseness, Consum'd him a great many Baggs of a certain Commodity much better then *Cherry-Stones*; he was not only very Indulgent to him, but Maintain'd his Family; he being of a Roving Mind, could not Confine himself to Business, but went from his Father and Family, changed his Name, and Rak'd about the Town; but by Accident got Acquainted with two Young Women, who kept Shop on the *Royal-Exchange*; the youngest of them he Court'd for a Wife, and in a short time Married her, made an Extraordinary Figure, and as Mighty Pretences; but he had not Enjoy'd her long before 'twas Discover'd, and he Oblig'd to Live with his First, who was no ways deserving of such an Unkind Action; but rather Worthier of a better Husband; and being ask'd the Reason, why he would offer to Commit *Poligamy*? He answer'd, *Though Plurality of Cæsars was not safe for a State, Plurality of Wives could be no Crime.*

But the Poor Young Woman was very much Disappointed; all her hopes Blasted, and her Promising Imaginations prov'd Vain *Chimera's*. For he in a little time after abandon'd both, and took a Trip to *Jamaica*, where in three Months he Married a Rich Widow, worth at least 7000*l.* *Sterling*, and before three years was Compleated, she made her Exit; which he esteem'd to be the Happiest Day in all his Life, the result of all his hopes, and the only mark he aim'd at. Now being Master of a Plentiful Estate, he soon Converted it into the Commodity of the Country, and Sail'd for *England*, with a Joyful Heart, and Prosperous Gale; and upon his Arrival at *London*, found himself a double Widower, and his *Exchange* Wife Married to a *Dutchman*, who was so Enamour'd with her Fiz, that notwithstanding he had heard of her Misfortune, he ty'd the Nooze, and became *One Flesh*, though of two very different Constitutions. She was Young and Airy, and Married him more for the sake of his Money than Person; he Old and Impotent, and as Jealous as a *Spaniard*, by which her Condition was much worse than before; for on the least Dislike, he would be Reflecting on her former Husband, who had not seen her since the Discovery, nor she him, but heard of his Success, though not by what means he had attain'd it; and was extream Sorry she had Contracted the last Marriage; but he having a desire to see her, tho' not to take her again as a Wife, and thinking Time, Absence, and the Alteration of his Attire, and Hair, (for when he Liv'd with her, he wore his own, but now a Foll Wigg) was Disguise sufficient to Conceal him from her Knowledge; goes to the Shop, and she Congratulated him, with the usual Complement, of *What do you want Sir?* Two very necessary Things, Madam, said he, Clean Gloves and a Pretty Wife; and I Presume you may supply me. Of the First, Sir, answer'd his Wife,  
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*We have Choice; but the last is a very scarce Commodity, and very difficult to be had. I was in hopes, Madam, reply'd he, you cou'd have furnish'd me with both; but more especially the last. But she and her Partner both knew him, contrary to his Expectations: Sir, said her Partner, I am perswaded you have no occasion for a Clogg; for so a Wife is generally Term'd. But such a Pretty Lady as this is, would be counted rather a Blessing, Madam, answer'd he. You wrong your Judgement very much, Sir, reply'd his Wife, For Nature hath not been so Liberal to me in her Indowments, as you are pleas'd to Flatter me withal. Besides I am a Wife already; and here the dull Animal comes. As he approach'd the Shop, the other spoke to him after this manner: I have been Courting this Lady for a Wife, Sir, but I find you are so happy as to be before hand with me. That's more than he knows, Sir, said she Smiling. By which he perceiv'd they knew him; but her last Husband being Ignorant who he was, took it as a great Affront, and in a mighty Passion abus'd her in a very high degree; and Upbraided her with her first Husband; which so grated his Spirits, that it reviv'd the glowing Embers of his Love, and the conceal'd Sparks broke out into a violent Flame. Thou Mercenary Villain, said he, to Upbraid thy Wife with what her Innocence was impos'd on; and as I am the Man that was the Aggressor, I'll do her that Justice to make you ask her Pardon, here Publickly on your Knees: Or by Heaven, this Moment is your last. At which he drew his Sword, and the Glittering Steel so scar'd poor Hogan, that he presently fell on his Marrowbones, Crav'd her Pardon, and was Glad he came off so. Now, Madam, said he, to his Wife, had not you been so dishonourable to me, on the Discovery of my Contract with you, I wou'd have freed you from the Embraces of this Insipid Coxcomb; but since you was so Unkind, I can only Condone your second Misfortune, who was so Ungrateful to me in your first; then departed, and left poor Butter-Box, to be ridicul'd by the whole Society of Thimberkins. A Friend of mine was an Eye Witness of this, and knew both the Husband and Wife. Without doubt, said the Gentleman, This Spark was one of Solomons Race, and Londons Master-Piece. Oh, Sir, 'tis Reported he is very much Reform'd to what he was; and Lives very Sober and Sedate. Then it ought to be Chronicl'd for a Miracle, said he.*

But being come to the rocky Descent into Marlborough, we were so Damnably jolted, that our Merchants Pocket Comfort Vanish'd and the Brittle Metal was shatter'd into a thousand pieces; for the Loss of which, I intail'd such a Hearty Curse on the Place, that never since hath a Coach pass'd, but it Over-turn'd, a Waggon or Cart, but it breaks either Wheel or Axeltree, a Horse, but he Stumbles; and all the Beasts that Graze near it, Die of the Murraine: At last with the help of a couple of Gigan-tick Loobies, to support our Tottering Caravan, we got into the Town, and tip't them a Hogg for our safe Conduct.

Being come to Marlborough, we broke our fast at the Royal-Disdem, and had Mr. Mayor for our Landlord, a good jolly Bacchanalian, who hath bestow'd more in adorn-ing his Fiz, than the Market-house cost Building; & being a Magistrate, I made a heavy Complaint against that Cursed Hill, demanded satisfaction for the dammage we had sustain'd, in breaking our Brandy Bottle, and told him, unless they took speedy Care to have it mended, I would Indite the whole Corporation. That we cannot do by no means, Sir, said he, For in so doing we should Ruine half the Town; for the dam-mage that Hill occasions, brings a Considerable Trade to our Wheel-wrights, Farriers, and Chyrurgions; also Creates no small Business to those of my own Function, and Main-tains three or four Families to support the Coaches, and assisting at other Accidents; But however, I'll present you with a fresh Cargo, and Advise you to take more Care for the future: Before we had Breakfasted, he was as good as his Word; but to retaliate his Kindness, we call'd for two or three Flasks Extraordinary.

Having lay'd a good Foundation to Travel on, we quitted Marlborough, and soon came on a curious Down, much Noted for its Flocks of Grey Weathers, which often gave us Confounded Jolts, and put us in Mind of our Landlords Caution, concerning our Bottle. But before we had Rod five Mile, we receiv'd Information of a Party of Light-Horse that lay Perdue to Ease us of our Rino. This News made us look very queer, and my Company to sink the Cole with abundance of Agility. My Mistress was in a Peck of Troubles, for the security of her Ponderous Purse; and

I thought by the Motion of her Pettycoats, she was a going to put it where my Lady — did her Watch: Our Merchant shuffled Loose *Tellow-Boys* by dozens into the Lining of his Coat, and I Trusted to Providence: But at last, to our great Satisfaction, it prov'd to be a false Alarm, and by the help of our *Nanterian* Cordial, we Recover'd our stragling Senses: The Discourse of which lasted us, till we got to *Sandy-Lane*, where the Road was so Damnable heavy, that two Mile in three hours was an Extraordinary Journey, and the Corporation-Trot to *St. Pauls* on Sunday, was a Fool to it: But at last we Arriv'd at the Sign of *Chevalier Bruine*, where we was to Dine.

Here we had such an *Amsterdam W* — for our Landlady, that the like was never heard of. She hath Buried five Husbands, never had but one Son, and he was Hang'd; thirteen Daughters, and a Dozen of them was of their Mothers Stamp, and the other Dy'd an Infant; the Old one was a Widow, her Daughters Maids, yet between them had more Children, then *Rosemary-Lane* affords on a Sunday; and most of their Sires was *Souldiers* or *Cattle-Firkers*. There was more Coaches and Waggon, drawn up before her Gate, then Hacks in *Palace-Yard*, during the *Sessions of Parliament*, or *Term-Time*. All her Entertainment is Loins of Mutton, or Rabbits; and she makes more Broth in a Day, then all the *Chop-Houses* in *Castle-Alley* in a Week. At last, with much ado, we got two of the aforesaid Dishes for Dinner, and a Nasty Jade to Attend us; who, as we understood afterwards, was one of her Daughters; but by her Looks, one would Conjecture the Devil was her Father; yet she was Recommended to us, for the Flower of them all: But in my Judgement the Old one is more inviting than any of her Off-Spring. The best Accommodation we had there, was the Juice of Pippins, which we Drank very Plentifully, but by it's Urinical motion, hindred *Whip* one Mile in four; and the Ladies Emisary, Mistress *Pert*, once was so hard put to it, that we thought by her Sour Looks, and the wringing of her Knees, she had the *Dry-Gripes*; but at last a Natural Evacuation gave her Ease, and Created us a great deal of Laughter. Our Bill was compos'd in a few Words; and was very Moderate, considering what Extravagant Prices, we often give for *Mutton* and *Conny* in some Places.

Having Din'd, we proceeded on our Journey, but with a great deal of difficulty; for the Road was so Rocky, Unevel, and Narrow in some Places, that I am perswaded the *Alps* are to be pass'd with less danger, in the Performance of which, our firking *Essedarian* was oblig'd to use abundance of Horse-Courting-Rhetorick to his Tired *Ambulators*; and when that prevail'd not, to Exercise his Tickler; but we were jolted so Curfedly, that I thought it would have made a dislocation of my Bones; we all complain'd, but could find no Remedy; nor would I Advise any who have been Sufferers in *Venus* sports, to Adventure the Fatigue of a Coach to the *Bath*, least it disjoyn't a Member or two. At last when our Patience was almost worn out, we agreed to light rather than endure it any longer; but our Chariotier inform'd us, we were almost at our Journeys-end, which we presently found to be true, and *Bath* was as Welcome to us, as a good Dinner to a *Covent-Garden* Tooth-Picker.

Being come to the *White-Hart*, our long wish'd-for Port, we refreshed our selves with much Joy, after our tedious Mortifying-Journey: And there our Merchant took his Leave of us, in a fresh Coach for *Bristol*: Then Enquiring for a Lodging, we were recommended to a *Tonsors*, whose Wife kept a *Milliners-Shop* in the same House, where was Accommodation for us all, tho' he had several other Lodgers in the House, of good Quality. That Night my Widow and I had an opportunity to enjoy our selves to our Mutual Satisfaction, without any suspicion, and agreed to be made one Flesh, the first opportunity that offer'd. In the Morning we were saluted by the whole Fraternity of *Cat-Gut-Scrapers*, and cou'd not get rid of them without the Assistance of an Angel. My Mistress and her Sister would not appear Publick, till their Baggage Arriv'd from *London*, which they did not expect in three or four days, so I had the Liberty to stroll alone.

After I had Accouter'd my self to the best Advantage, (in which I made no small Figure) I went to the Coffee-House, where I found several of my Acquaintance, who seem'd to be Over-joy'd at my Appearance, Imbrac'd and Slabber'd me, as an Old Woman does her Grand Child; asking a thousand Impertinent Questions concerning *London*, and what Company came with me? If Ladies, or Gentlemen? Whether

ther any Quality was on the Road bound for the *Bath*? In which I satisfied them to the best of my knowledge; but after we had taken a dish or two, of that insipid Liquor, we Adjourn'd to Honest C—— at the *Three Twins*, where we Enliven'd our Souls with a Glass of good *Bordeaux*, and sparkling *Sberry*; and from thence we went to see the Diversion of the *Baths*.

Of which, 'tis not my Delign to give you an Account of their *Original*, and Eminent *Cures*; or a Description of their *Structure*, and Noble *Founders*; for that's already perform'd, in most of our *Chronicles*; but shall only hint on the *Ways* and *Intrigues* that are manag'd there during the Season.

The first we went to, is call'd the *Kings*; and to it joyns the *Queen's*, both running in one; and the most famous for *Cures*. In this *Bath* was at least Fifty of both Sexes, with a Score or two of Guides, who by their Scorbutick Carcasses, and Lacker'd Hides, you would think they had lain Pickling a Century of Years in the *Stygian Lake*: Some had those Infernal Emisseries to support their Impotent Limbs: Others to scrub their Putrify'd Carcasses, like a Race-Horse. In one Corner was an Old Fornicator hanging by the Rings, Loaded with a Rotten Humidity: Hard by him was a Boxom Dame, Cleaning her *Nunquam Satis* from *Mercurial* Dregs, and the remains of *Roman Virioli*. Another, half cover'd with Sear-Cloth, had more Sores than *Lazarus*, doing Pennance for the Sins of her Youth; At her Elbow was a Young Hero, supported by a couple of Guides, rack'd with Aches and Intolerable Pains, Cursing of *Middlesex* Court, and *Beveridges* Dancing-School, as Heartily as *Job* the Day of his Birth. At the Pump was several a Drenching their Gullets, and Gormandizing the Reaking Liquor by Wholesale.

From thence we went to the *Cross-Bath*, where most of the Quality resorts, more Fam'd for Pleasure than Cures, tho' they pretend it hath wrought Miracles on Barren-Soil, and wonderfully helps Conception. Not long since, a Gentleman of Quality was beholden to it for an Heir, as he reported; but his Lady is of a contrary Opinion; yet I know not what Operation such Tempting Objects may have by causing Titillation, and heighten Imagination, to procure an immediate Conjunction: Here is perform'd all the Wanton Dalliances imaginable; Celebrated Beauties, Panting Breasts, and Curious Shapes, almost Expos'd to Publick View; Languishing Eyes, Darting Killing Glances, Tempting Amorous Postures, attended by soft Musick, enough to provoke a *Vestal* to forbidden Pleasure, Captivate a *Saint*, and Charm a *Jove*: Here was also different Sexes, from Quality to the Honourable *Knights*, Country *Put*, and City *Madam's*: Nay, the Circumciz'd *Jew*, could *Bathe* in Delight, *Swim* in Pleasure with the *Gentile*, & out-vie a Courtier in Splendor, tho' they Crucifi'd his God; and Dispencc with *Christians-Flesh*, tho' not with *Swines*. The Ladies with their floating *Japann-Bowles*, freighted with Confectionary Knick-Knacks, Essences, & Perfumes, Wade about, like *Neptune's* Courtiers, suppling their Industrious Joynts. The Vigorous Sparks, presenting them with several Antick Postures, as Sailing on their Backs, then Embracing the Element, sink in a Rapture, and by Accidental Design, thrust a stretch'd Arm; but where the Water conceal'd, so ought my Pen.

The Spectators in the Galleries, pleasing their Roving Fancies with this Ladies Face, anothers Eyes, a thirds heaving Breasts, and Profound Air. In one Corner stood an Old Letcher, whose years spoke him no less then threescore and ten, making Love to a Young Lady, not exceeding fourteen. The usual time being come to forsake that sickle Element, *Half-Tub Chairs*, Lin'd with Blankets, Ply'd as thick, as *Coaches* at the *Play-House*, or *Carts* at the *Custom-House*.

Bathing being over for that Day, we went to walk in the Grove, a very pleasant Place for Diversion; there is the *Royal-Oak* and several Ruffling Shops: In one of the Walks, is several Sets of Nine-Pins, and Attendance to wait on you: Tipping all Nine for a Guinea, is as common there, as two Farthings for a *Porrenger* of *Barley-Broth*, at the *Hospital-Gate* in *Smithfield*. On several of the Trees was hung a Lampoon on the Marriage of one Mr. S—— a Drugmonger, and the famous Madam S—— an old B—— of *London*.

Having almost tir'd our selves with walking, we took to a Bench to ease our weary Pedestals. Now, said my Friend, I'll give you an impartial Account of the Perfections, Qualities and Functions, of a few particular Persons that are among this



this Amphibious Crowd. For notwithstanding I have been here not above a Fort-night, I am as well acquainted with the Town and its Intrigues, as old Justice P— with *More-fields* and *Drury-Lane* Bawdy-Houses.

Those two Ladies with the Gentleman in Blew, are Sisters, live near the Church that is Dedicated to a Saint who expir'd on a Gridiron, they are Amorous Dames; the Gentleman is a Broken Officer, and lives better on their Allowances, than he could on his Pay. This Gentlewoman in the White-Damask Gown, is a Sea-Captains Lady; who, while her Corniferous Mate is Plowing the Ocean, takes Care to Manure his *Pasture*, that he may have a Fruitful Crop this Harvest. That Foppish *Beau* in Scarlet Stockings, whose Hilt of his Sword bears a bob with his Calves, and his Jubilee Hatband lies stitch'd cross the Crown, was a Pettycoat-Pensioner to Madam C— near *Bucklersbury*; but being lately Discarded, is come down here for promotion. That young Lady with the Gold Orice Pettycoat, was a great Fortune, and not long since was Married to a Flannel Wastecoa, and a double Night-Cap of the same Stuff; but now by reason of her Husbands Imbecility, is forc'd to have recourse to the *Bath*. That Tall Gentleman attended by three Liveries, is something of Quality, a right Courtier, for he abhors the Citizens Wives as much as the Sword-Bearer does *Cushard*. That *Broad-price* Doctor, in the Diminutive Band, makes a Purchase every year by the Wickedness of the Age; and Vindicates W—ing more than ever G. K— Writ against the Quakers. That Pert young Gentlewoman with the two Silver Fringes, was compell'd by her Friends to Marry a Slovenly *Stockjobber*, and now is surfeited with his Embraces; and came to the *Bath* to mend his Breed. That Crafty Priest, that Son of *Levi*, is as fickle as a Weather-Cock, and would sooner discard a good Conscience, than a fat Benefice. This Tun of Iniquity, in the Crimson Gown, with *Monsieur* at her Elbow, two *Devils* behind her, and *Aetna* in her Face, all the Water in the *Severn* is not able to Quench her desires; she is a *second Masselina*, will tire, but ne'er be satisfi'd; she hath already quarter'd a Troop of *French* Dragoons, a Regiment of *Dutchmen*, and now is come to Exercise a Battalion of *Brittains*. That Powder'd *Lobster* in the Edg'd Hat, is the Spawn of a *Broker*; from thence Evapulated to a *Bully*, now shams an *Officer*, sets up for a *Stallion* of the first Rank, and pretends he receives several Favours from a Qualified Lady. That Spark with his Hat under his Arm, is a Limb of the Law, but hath Studied *Chamberlains* Midwifry, more than Cook's Reports. That Dowdy *Minx* in the Scarlet Topping, and Pink'd Scarff, is the Relick of a broken *Grocer*; an Industrious Woman, for her Head's no sooner lay'd, but her Breech is at Work. In short, for *Fops*, *Beaus*, and *Bellfa's*, this Place exceeds *Greys-Inn-Walks* on Sunday Evening; and consists of greater variety of Persons, Remarkable for some Vice or Folly, than there are Ingredients in a *Lombard-Pye* for a City Feast; to give you a particular Description of each of 'em, will require a Weeks time at least. Come therefore, let's go to some Tipling Mansion, and Carouse, till we have Exhilerated our Drowthy Souls: To which I readily agreed. About five in the Evening, we went to a see a great *Match* at Bowling; there was *Quality*, and Reverend *Dollars* of both Professions, Topping *Merchants*, Broken *Bankers*, Noted *Mercers*, Inns-of Court *Rakes*, City *Beaus*, Scray'd *Prentices*, and *Dancing-Masters* in abundance. Fly, fly, fly, fly; said one: Rub, rub, rub, rub, cry'd another. Ten *Guinies* to five, I Uncover the Jack, says a third. Damn these Nice Fingers of mine, cry'd my Lord, I Slept my Bowl, and mistook the Bias. Another Swearing he knew the Ground to an Inch, and would hold five Pound his Bowl came in. But in short, the Citizens won the Courtiers Money, and the Courtiers Swore to be Reveng'd on their Wives, and Daughters.

From hence we went to the *Grooms-Porters*, where they were a Labouring like so many *Anchor-Smiths*, at the *Oake*, *Back Gammon*, *Tick-Tack*, *Trish*, *Basset*, and throwing of *Mains*. There was *Palming*, *Lodging*, *Loaded Dice*, *Levant*, and *Gammoning*, with all the Speed imaginable; but the *Cornish Rook* was too hard for them all. The *Bristol Fair* Sparks had but a very bad Bargain of it; and little occasion for Returns. *Bank-Bills*, and *Exchequer-Notes*, were as Plenty, as *Fops* at the *Chocolat-Houses*, or *Pater-noster-Row*. Having satisfied our Curiosity here; we left them as busie a Shaking their Elbows, as the *Apple-women* in *Stocks-Market*, *Wallnuts* in *Ober*.

And meeting with three or four more Acquaintance, we Stroul'd to a *Bristol-Milk Dairy*.

*Dary-House*, and Enjoy'd our selves like brave *Bacchanalians*. At Night I stole into my Mistress's Arms, as Vigorous, as Youth, Beauty, Wine and Love, could inspire me; but she urging mightily for a speedy Marriage, which I was not very backward to, we agreed to be Riveted the next Morning; she undertaking to ingage the Maid to Assist her, and I, our Landlord, to procure a Minister; which accordingly was perform'd the next day, with a great deal of Secresie, at the Expence of half a Score Guineas; and Spouse desir'd it might not be known while we continu'd in the Country, for some particular Reasons. Now being joyn'd by the Priest, Madam Bride, and Mrs. *Perr*, managed it so, that we lay together without any Mistrust. *Let a Woman alone for a Contrivance, to obtain her Desires.*

About Ten in the Morning, I was sent for by some Acquaintance, to the general Rendezvous—*Coffee-House*, where Fools, Cullies, Squires, Beaus, & Criticks, resort as thick, as *Stock-Jobbers* about the Effigies on the *Royal-Exchange*; here Witicism was Abdicated, and Nonsense banded to and fro, like a Shuttle-Cock. The last Nights Intrigue Whisper'd with abundance of Caution, and that Nights Ball was Prognosticated would be very Noble, for 'twas given by a Lady of Quality, and after an hour or two of their insipid Fustian and Block-headly Combate, we went to Raffle for a Present for our Mistress; and with the loss of a Guinea, I brought off a curious Snuff-Box, worth four: But tho' I was Fortunes Favorite, she Bilk'd a young Mercer of twenty *Jacobusses*, and at the *Oake* the same Night double the Number, and a Bay Gelding.

From thence we went to the *Hot-Bath*, and *Leapers-Bath*, but there was nothing worth our Observation, but a parcel of old Crutches, hung up in Memory of the Persons that receiv'd those Miraculous Cures. The next place we adjourn'd to, was to *Horrid Toms*; where we had good Wine, and better Company; and being my Wedding-Day, I went home to Dine with my Bride, and in the Evening prevail'd with her to go to the Ball.

Which is always kept at the Town-Hall, a very spacious Room, and fitted up for that Purpose. During which, the Door is kept by a couple of Brawny Beadles, to keep out the Mobility, looking as fierce as the Unconth Figures at *Guild-Hall*; there was Extraordinary Fine Dancing, (and how could it otherwise chuse?) for Spouse and I had a Hand in it. A Consort of Delicate Musick, Vocal and Instrumental, perform'd by good Masters: A Noble Collation of dry Sweet-Meats, Rich Wine, and Large Attendance. The Lady who was the *Donor*, wore an Extraordinary Rich Favour, to distinguish her from the rest, which is always the Custome; and before they break up, to chuse another for the next Day, which fell upon a Shentleman of *Water*; but her no ways Derogated from her Honour, or Disparag'd her Countrey in the least, but her was as Noble, and as Generous, as e'er an *English* Shentleman of them all: To her Honour be it Spoke.

The next Day the Ladies Baggage Arriv'd from *London*; then they made as topping a Figure as any of them all; and the first Night after their Publick Appearance, we were so troubl'd with some Serenading Coxcombs, that the whole Family got up, and had not Mrs. *Betty*, been vigilant, my new Adopted Flesh and I, had been catch'd abed together; for which good Service, I rewarded her with a broad piece of her own Name. A Sunday we went to Church to the Abby, a very Ancient Cathedral piece of Antiquity, and kept as badly in repair; 'tis Crowded during Divine Service, as much as *St. Pauls*, in which time there is more Billet Deaux convey'd to the Ladies, than Notes to desire the Prayers of the Congregation at *B's*—Meeting-House: And as the Ingenious Doctor in his Discourse, told the Audience, *He was afraid most of them came more out of Custome and Formality, than in Devotion to the Sacred Deity, or a suitable Reverence to the Place of Worship.* Which was very True, I am Confident, and the Ladies were the only Saints several came there to Adore; as this Billet Deaux will confirm; it was convey'd in a Candid Orange to a Lady in one of the Galleries, which she by Accident dropt, and I had the Fortune to find.

Madam,

Had Fortune that Fickle Goddess, but Honour'd me with your Acquaintance, as she has by seeing of your Person, I should not have been so Presumptuous, as to have offer'd these imperfect

*imperfect Lines to your fair Hands; but since my Cruel Stars ordain'd me no such happiness, I was forc'd to make my Pen become my Orator, and Commit that to Writing which ought rather to have been Pay'd by Adoration. At six this Evening I shall be in the Meadows; Pity your Slave, and Grant me some Relief.*

R.

In the Evening we took a Walk into the Meadows, much resorted to for pleasant Rivers, and delicate Walks; 'tis a second *Hide-Park* for Coaches, and a *St. James's* for *Beau's* and *Belfa's* of all sorts; there was *Chancer's* Sempstrefs, my Lord *R——* Mantua-Makers dandled by Cringing Fops, Antick Beaus, and Blustering Bullies Innumerable, *London-Jills* with Tails like Countesses, and case-harden'd Impudence; bantering Young Squires, and Shopkeepers Prentices: Nay my Millenian Landlady, and her Sister, was there Intriguing, and as well match'd as a pair of Nice Coach-Horses; much Admired, the one for an obliging Temper, the other for a Beauty; but ask honest *Punch* the Pastry-Cook, he'll tell you they Rival each other in their own proper Qualifications.

After an Hour or two's Walking, I Treated my Ladies with the best the Place afforded, and then returned Home: But the next Morning I receiv'd a Letter of Advice from *London*, of the Death of an Aunt, who had made me her Heir; which put me in mind of the Old Proverb, *It never Rains, but must Pour*. However this was no ill News to my Bride, nor me neither; only requiring my speedy appearance at *London*; but I promised Spouse, and the rest of my Acquaintance, to be with them again in a Fortnights time, and tho' an Heir, took Leave of them with as much Regret, as the *Dutch-Guards* of *Kensington*; and the next Morning took Post for *London*. Having now given you an Account of my successful Step, I'll make bold, and give you my Sentiments of the *BATH*.

### *A Character of the BATH.*

**T**IS neither Town nor City, yet goes by the Name of both; five Months in the Year 'tis as Populous as *London*, the other seven as desolate as a Wilderness. It's chiefest Inhabitants are Turn-spit-Dogs; and it looks like *Lambard-Street* on a Saints-day. During the Season, it hath as many Families in a House as *Edenborough*; and Bills are as thick for Lodgings to be Let, as there was for Houses in the *Fryars* on the Late Act of Parliament for the Dissolution of Priviledges; but when the Baths are useless, so are their Houses, and as empty as the new Buildings by *St. Giles* in the Fields: The Baths I can compare to nothing but the *Boylers* in *Fleet-lane* or *Old-Bedlam*, for they have a reaking steem all the year. In a word, 'tis a Valley of Pleasure, yet a sink of Iniquity; nor is there any Intrigues or Debauch Acted at *London*, but is Mimick'd there.



F I N I S